

# WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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## CAPITAL

I PASSED by the open window of a mansion, and heard one within saying:  
"I hear a battering on my door;  
But I will not heed it;  
For I know that it is a deputy who knocks—  
A deputy from unemployment,  
Or a deputy from low wages,  
Or a deputy from overwork;  
And I do not like these fellows;  
For they disturb my peace of mind;  
They would divide my loaf with me,  
Instead of picking up the crumbs;  
They cry: "Let us be partners and brothers,  
Instead of owners and slaves."  
They are a shiftless, lazy, good-for-nothing set of vagabonds;  
And I will make use of as many as I need,  
And the others may die as soon as they like;  
For I have dreamed that everything is mine, and that none shall gainsay me."  
So I walked round to the men at the door, and I said: "Come, let us approach him through the open window, and bind him hand and foot, and bring him before Labor, to be dealt with at pleasure."

—ELIZABETH GIBSON.

## The Passing Show.

CONDUCTED BY OTUS.

THE antics that legal lunacy sometimes indulges in may occasionally be enjoyed by the workers. A case in point: Judge Homburg (or Humberg, or something) had a "go" with Paris Nesbit in a S.A. Court. The Judge refused to listen to the K.C., and the K.C. refused to stop talking, and the Judge lost his block and violently adjourned the court and ordered the K.C.'s client to pay £50 costs. The K.C.'s client is of the house of Fat (which is quite the enjoyable part of the incident), and the energy with which he said "Damn!" was most extraordinary—for a Fat Man.

Laborers on the Cooma to Nimitybelle railway struck work recently. The spawlers demanded 9s a day, an increase of 6d, and got the sack instead. When the contractors endeavored to fill their places with blacklegs, the whole of the plate-laying gangs downed tools, and also demanded increases. "Compromises" were arranged by certain organisers, and the men were got back to work, but not with the increases they had demanded. The daily press reports: "The union officers regret that the men acted precipitately in this matter, as, having accepted the Wages Board, which is now sitting, they thought the award should have been waited for." When "the men" understand Revolutionary Unionism, they'll "act precipitately" some more—especially in the matter of firing certain union officers who always hasten to tell the bosses how much they regret any militant action on the part of the workers.

At the Springvale vineyard, Watervale, S.A., where the U.L.U. is endeavoring to secure union conditions, non-unionists are working under a police escort provided by the Labor Government.

At Nine Downs (Q.) shearing shed the men struck work because the manager wanted them to drink mineral water from a bore. The strike lasted two days—when the manager capitulated, and started the carts off to get water from a running creek some distance away.

Ferrer, though dead, still speaks. The recent crisis in the Spanish Cabinet arose out of a motion to revise the case of Ferrer. Even the military were dissatisfied because of the Premier's defence of Ferrer's judges.

Some scab boats that succeeded in getting away from Murray Bridge flew the British ensign, "which (the Adelaide Labor paper, the *Daily Herald*, says) protects all who are unjustly done by." The *Herald* further remarks that "many a man who saw that cherished emblem of the free flying at the stern of a craft conveying scabs and union contraband regretted all the suffering and endurance that had been gone through in South Africa to keep it flying." Need the *Herald* wonder why there are scabs when alleged Labor papers print that sort of piffle? Why, the stern of a scab boat is the one place above all others where the British ensign ought to fly. In South Africa it was the emblem of foul murder.

The American Dooley is something of a humorist. The Lithgow Dooley is a political disaster.

Field Marshal Onslow has got himself into trouble for criticising his superior officers. Onslow would probably court-martial a common soldier who criticised him; but he wants the tinselled gang to have the right to criticise any old thing that happens along. The Labor Government stands for free speech, but it won't tolerate anybody criticising his Boss. The Boss is a sacred institution, and, like the marriage tie, the Labor Party is determined to see that the institution isn't endangered. But Onslow ought to know by this time that Militarism can only prevail so long as the soldiers are servile and ready to be driven to murder or be murdered without questioning the drivers. Militarism doesn't want men; it wants obedient beasts of prey. And if Onslow isn't willing to be an obedient beast of prey, well, he can't be any other kind of beast of prey under military rule. At least, the Labor Party says he can't.

The Portland Cement Co. is endeavoring to make the wharf laborers perform dangerous work, by dismissing other workers. Why doesn't the Co. use casks for its cement, and get over the difficulty? The answer is: Casks cost a little more than bags.

A Mrs. Wilesmith, "a prominent Christian Scientist and Salvation Army worker at Worcester," says the cable, has been committed for trial for brutal cruelty to a servant girl of 13. The evidence showed that the girl, who was taken from an orphanage when seven years of age, had been treated as the drudge. The medical examination of the girl's body disclosed 34 scars of a permanent nature, many of them being four inches in length, the result of merciless beatings. It was further alleged that salt was afterwards rubbed into the wounds.

Apocryphal, W.R.W. writes: It is to be hoped—though it perhaps is a futile hope—that the trial will explode the old fallacy that only Christian people should have control of children reared by the State under the boarding-out system. For callous brutality your ordinary savage is not in it with the professing Christian, whose greed prompts the desire for an all-round system of slavery. The sympathies of anti-religionists in all parts of the world will be with this poor mite in her sufferings in the hell in which Christian civilisation has placed her, and her fate and the sight of her scars ought to stimulate the activities of those who are working to overthrow the conditions which make such things possible.

Lord Chelmsford left Sydney the other evening to spend a six months' holiday (on full pay) in England. He has been so fearfully overworked, don't you know. And the Labor Ministers (who couldn't be found with a searchlight when the strike prisoners were released) rolled up in force to see the gilded johnny off.

The absurdity of the methods and customs of the class court was exposed the other day when Judge Heydon stood up on his hind legs and said violent things concerning blackleg lawyers and blackleg doctors. Some claim was made for costs in a penalty case, and the judge discovered that certain documents had been drawn and typewritten by some one who didn't belong to the lawyers' union—hence the judicial wrathfulness. Judge Heydon is determined that if the unions' money must be gobbled up in legal charges, the gobbling up must be done by a union shark.

Josiah Thomas told a gathering of fat men at Wentworth that his department isn't infallible (as if anyone ever said it was!); that his party would not associate itself with any interference with the marriage tie—indeed, he said, his party was just bubbling over with gladness to have the opportunity of promoting married life; and, further, that his department would, on and after May 26, shift things along so that a penny stamp would carry the business men's letters from Wentworth to any part of the British empire. Of these things Josiah said he was proud, though what relationship fallibility and marriage ties and penny postage stamps bore to one another he didn't stop long enough to explain. The Wentworth exploiters remembered only the penny postage stamp, and said "Hurrah for Josiah!" several times most emphatically, and went home and were exceeding glad. But the sweated slaves in Josiah's department are still wondering what they are to get out of it.

Organiser Murphy (U.L.U.) speaking at Renmark: "He was a Socialist, and a member of the Socialist Party of Australia. He was proud to see the solidarity the men had shown, and in the coming week they would show it more than had ever been shown in Australia. They were out for the log, and the log only. Some growers said they would pay the rates, but would not sign the log, but that was open, and had always been open, for they could either sign the log as individuals or come to an understanding as a body. This talk about the log was only a sidestep in order to keep good with Hughes, who advocated arbitration. They were not prepared to compromise one iota. The growers had boasted of their victory in getting the pears to the Produce Depot, but now that they were there they could not get them out again."

Once again the Socialists call upon Labor-member Dooley to make an effort to (1) justify the Labor Party's advocacy of Arbitration and its opposition to Revolutionary Unionism; (2) justify his own conduct in the Lithgow trouble; (3) justify the Labor Party's failure to repeal the Industrial Disputes Act; (4) justify the Labor Party's failure to repeal the Coercion Act. Mr. Dooley may not realise it, but all his mud-throwing and slander and vilification of the Socialists does not constitute a justification of anything.

Labor-member Anstey (of South Australia) is in business as a member of the firm of Anstey and Girard. Last week a driver employed by that firm was sent to Harris and Scarfe's (a scab shop) for some goods. The driver said he wouldn't handle scab material. What happened to that driver is not stated, but next day Labor-member Anstey took the driver's place, and drove to the scab shop and carted the scab goods away, declaring that he "would cart goods in spite of the unions." The average Labor member gets more like Billy Hughes every day.

After Mr. Dooley had succeeded in filling the columns of a little Sydney paper (once acknowledged as a Socialist journal) with columns and columns of the most childish misstatements concerning the Revolutionary Socialist movement, he set himself out, by means of letters to the local press and in other ways, to advise his constituents to read the paper that was doing his dirty work, instead of reading THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST. (The steady growth of the subscribers' list of the Socialist paper in Lithgow was worrying him considerably.) Then a prominent P.L.L. man took Mr. Dooley's organ down into the mine, and read it to the crowd. But the crowd only laughed at Richard. Mr. Dooley gets deeper and deeper in the mud every time he tries to flounder away from the charge of the Socialists. And he doesn't seem to mind it; the least how extremely soiled are the tools that he uses.

Sir Jenkin Coles (who rattled on his own party to take the S.A. Speakership), a typical representative of Fat, recently told a meeting of Fat persons that Labor-member Wilson's attitude, in declaring that the Gov. Produce Depot workers must scab, was praiseworthy. Coles' Fat friends naturally applauded this sentiment, and the knight then proceeded to tell how Mr. Wilson had actually absented himself from a Parliamentary luncheon to be present at the opening of a poultry farm; and again the Fat fellows shrieked their applause.

The Australian Labor Party, with its extraordinary palliation schemes, is not altogether unlike Mark Twain's travellers who boiled the thermometer on the mountains because the weather was cold.

Speaking at Renmark, S.A., organiser Murphy, of the U.L.U., said: "The Employers' Federation and the farmers might help to lump fruit into the stores, but when would they market it? Mr. Bovill, president of the growers' executive, had been picketed in Adelaide, and it was discovered that he was looking for Billy Hughes, who, like the Minister for Industry (Mr. Wilson) and the Minister for Crown Lands (Mr. Vaughan), was always ready to help Bovill's class to defeat the workers. The Labor Party had put wasters in power, and Messrs. Hughes, Wilson, and Vaughan were in politics for what they could get out of it."

Amongst the best members of the Sydney I.W.W. Club there is the deepest resentment at the way in which the name of the Club was used by the secretary for the purpose of defending Strikebreaker Dooley from the Revolutionary Socialists.

Speaking at a recent strike meeting at Renmark, Spillman said that at "Renmark there were some of the worst tyrants in the world who had said the men must throw in their union tickets before they could get work. The wharf was controlled, not by Socialists, but by growers. They had been kept off the wharf by a tyrannous system. Police-Corporal Panton had stopped Mr. Brand (the president of the union) like a bull dog. This official had dared to put his hand on Mr. Brand, but if he (the speaker) had put his hand on one of the other side he would have been sent to jail." "Why had they (the growers) brought women into the town in the middle of the night?" asked Spillman at the same meeting, and an employer (Pickering) interjected, "To pick the crop." Spillman then went on to say: "They had brought them to beat the local men for eight hours and 8s," and he charged them with KEEPING THE WOMEN SHUT UP WITH THE BLINDS DRAWN, and the union women were not allowed to speak to them. He did not say the women themselves were dishonorable, but they were being used in a dishonorable manner to despoil the workers. Their opponents were so villainous, so treacherous, that they would put them in shackles in jail if they dared."

After defending the scab Minister, Wilson, the Adelaide "Labor" *Daily Herald* settles down to "do a weep" over the amount of press misrepresentation indulged in concerning the Renmark strike, "especially by a section of the eastern press." The "Labor" paper prints a lengthy outburst against the P.L.U., in which it is declared that Wilson, in telling the Produce Depot men that they must scab, "acted in a fair and impartial manner."

The other night, when speaking at Lithgow, Labor member Dooley was asked why he refused to meet H. E. Holland in debate when challenged by the Lithgow Socialists. Mr. Dooley produced a copy of the pure-and-simple *People* with an article by the Australian Azeff denouncing Holland and other Revolutionary Socialists, and said that was his reason for declining the debate. He quite neglected to tell his hearers that the challenge referred to was declined by him some time before he had arranged with his friend, Azeff, for the publication of that mass of silly slander (in the construction of which he [Dooley] had a hand) in the *People*. The incident serves to demonstrate the extremes a blackleg politician will go to cover up his blacklegism. It also demonstrates how a one-time fighting paper of the working-class may be captured by and made to subserve the interests of the enemies of Socialism.

At the close of a strike meeting at Morgan, S.A., an attempt was made—from the employers' side—to revive Labor-member Roberts's lie that Clarke had scabbed at Port Pirie. "But," the Labor Party's paper reports, "when it was found who had put the question, the questioner was hoisted by the crowd, who urged Mr. Clarke not to answer. They were quite satisfied with the explanation of his action at the time." Which reads like a clip on the jaw for Roberts's lie.

It is reported by the daily press that W. M. Hughes, having failed to talk the Sydney Wharf laborers' Union into falling into line with the employers' wishes concerning the handling of cement, now threatens to resign the secretaryship of that union. This would be the best thing that could happen—for the wharf laborers. It might not be altogether a bad thing for Hughes, either; for, if we remember rightly, this is the second time within a comparatively short period that the wharf laborers have turned William's schemes down, and it may be that worse things might happen to him on some future occasion. All the same, this paper opines that the Strikebreaker's threat is only part of a game of bluff to make the W.L.U. fall in with his desires.

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The essential condition for the existence, and for the sway of the bourgeois class, is the formation and augmentation of capital; the condition for capital is wage-labor. Wage-labor rests exclusively on competition between the laborers. The advance of industry, whose involuntary promoter is the bourgeoisie, replaces the isolation of the laborers, due to competition, by their involuntary combination, due to association. The development of Modern Industry, therefore, cuts from under its feet the very foundation on which the bourgeoisie produces and appropriates products. What the bourgeoisie therefore produces, above all, are its own grave-diggers. Its fall and the victory of the proletariat are equally inevitable.—KARL MARX.

## The War of the Classes.

BY CHAS. W. GREEN.

Till the war-drum thrum'd no longer, and the battle-flags were fur'd  
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.

In these two pregnant lines Tennyson summarises the great and grand ideal that in every age and generation has drawn the advance guard of the human race unto it. Far back in the night of civilised history Sir Thomas Moore dreamed that dream. Since then, poets and dreamers and reformers and utopians have come, and gone down to the dreamless dust, pointing "far as human eye could see" to the glorious hope of a welded, nationless planet in which men would think and act as rational men and not as toddling children, and the divine love-spirit would flash through frontiers and across artificial boundaries linking man and man, nation and nation, creed and creed, in the bonds of one supreme World Brotherhood.

But such ideals have been but the province of the poet. In the matter-of-fact world of practical affairs such a hope has loomed as a target or "Aunt Selly" to fling balls of "borak" at. Men who have bragged prodigiously of their "hard-headedness" and "practicability" have listened to the dirge of poets who saw a time when what should be would be, and turned from them calling for the application of stubborn facts in a stubborn work-a-day world.

So the world has rolled on. The history of the many centuries that stretch behind us are characterised by the rule of club and fang. Once—the rough and raw Barbarism, when man fought man, and the victor tortured and then roasted and ate his victim. Since—this law of the Brute has undergone many vicissitudes and come down to us of the twentieth century of the Christian era, reduced to an art. The old primitive club is laid aside for ever, and men are shot down in thousands by mighty death-dealing machine guns that kill at a range of miles.

The roar and din of shot and shell and the scream of shrapnel and the resultant legions of mangled human limbs and blood-spattered shapeless lumps of carrion is the materialised practicability of our modern evangelists of hard-headed genius. And this is all systematic, organised, glorified! All the fund of human research of the past is drawn upon to make the business more fiendish than it is. Science, instead of making beneficently for the salvation of Humanity, is on its knees, offering up its sacrifices to the god, Mars. All its conquests of the past, and now, its latest conquest—the Air—are being utilised in the euphonious name of Patriotism to doom and damn the human family. Laws are enforced to compel every man and boy born within stipulated man-made geographical boundaries to give time and attention to this inglorious art of human butchery. In the name of the Law a hundred million men (physically, the flower of the nations) are drilled, disciplined and decked out in gaudy uniforms and cockades, waiting impatiently for the mandate from their masters to mobilise, waiting to cross frontiers to kill or be killed.

Music—that sweet, inspiring acquisition of mankind that thrills the hearths and homes of humanity with love and laughter—is utilised hereto. Its function in life is harvested. It is used to stir the worst devil of hate in man. To inspire the jingo-passion that makes natural, kind and loveable men blood-lustful ghouls. And, to add to the general inferno of it all, the prelates of the pulpits of Christendom, the authentic ambassadors of the Prince of Peace invoke divine benedictions on the armies and navies that go forth in the name of Patriotism to play at the game of murder.

Thusly, war has at last become respectable and civilised.

Yet, enshrined in the heart of the poet there is still that dream, epitomising the heartbeats of the great world. But this erstwhile dream is even to-day leavening the hard heads of the working-class. So soon as the normal man divorces his thinking from the corruptions of his patriotic concepts, he intuitively feels the damnable hideousness of it all. When the mother, the wife, the daughter, the sweetheart, learns that the loved one died in agony, "but with sword in hand and facing fearful odds," she feels the grim tragedy of it, and the childish inanity of that sentiment we dub Patriotism. If these are not stubborn facts, where in the name of God are they? Speak now, ye hard-heads and practicals, or for ever hold your peace! I tell you these issues have come up out of the province of poetry into the realm of the real. It is your slogans and shibboleths of Patriotism that are so much hifalutin, belonging to the regions of sentimentality. It is only now, within the past half-century, that the great bulk of the people have had opportunity to think and go into politics for themselves. The result is, to those who have embraced the opportunity, an all-round disillusionment. In the domain of economics—hard, practical, stubborn economics—they have discovered that all that the poets and idealists have imagined lies in the future for the working-class to mould and march toward. They are plainly the practicability of inscribing BROTHERHOOD in capitals across the banner of a future World Co-operative Republic.

So soon as the intelligent toiler turned the rays of reason upon the orthodox view of world affairs he began to question the integrity of such a view. He had believed, as his fathers had believed, that the country of his birth was THE country, the land of liberty and law. Gradually and reluctantly he learned the supreme lie of it, and stubborn facts led him to get at the why and wherefore of things. Education and travel en-

gendered cosmopolitan conceptions, and he began to understand the basis, the economic basis of the whole misrepresentation. The English workman, whose forebears had worshipped at the shrine of the Union Jack while she braved the battle and the breeze for a thousand years and the British Lion roared and the Bull Dog growled, suddenly came face to face with the fact that his French neighbor, his old foe, considered La Belle France a much finer and freer country. The English workman and the French workman, moreover, found the German workman boasting of "the spirit of the Fatherland," and so, each and all, were made conscious that each and all considered the land of their birth the best country. So workmen of every nation discovered themselves laboring under a multiplicity of de-ranked ideas, and they wanted to know why, and by whom they had been gulled.

Facts—irrefragable, practical, economic facts—revealed the rest. The capitalists, the share-mongers, the bond-holders of the world were banding together in great trusts and combines for dividend-drawing purposes. What were these dividends and where did they come from? The dividends were the product of the collective social labor of the world's workers and they represented a great Colossus of Wealth that was hourly, systematically, legally fleeced from them. That fund of wealth which they produced represented to them the difference between comfort and poverty, independence and wage-slavery. The capitalist class was organised, instinctively organised, internationally organised, to fortify its interests. Its interests lay in its power to keep on fleecing the product of the laborer and keeping him contented with a fraction of what he produced in the form of wages. The capitalist class bolstered great institutions that safeguarded its interests by disseminating a conception of politics, economics, law and morality that were congruous with its class interests. So the State, constitutions, laws, parliaments, courts, churches, army and navy bore the impress of settled concepts, and these were necessarily capitalistic.

With the class-character of the economic revealed to the worker, nought else counted. No longer could these facts be hidden by subterfuge, side-tracked by red-herring issues, or veiled by flyblown platitudes. The groundwork for the declaration of an international class war was here, and its clarion call to arms rang from factory to factory, from mine to mine, from land to land.

The fight was turned from a fight of races and nations to classes. The capitalist in the one camp fighting for the retention of the system that maintained power to exploit the workers, and the working-class in another camp fighting to undermine the capitalist system and to establish the World's Industrial Republic. The capitalists as a class fighting desperately through the medium of their institutions, satellites and henchmen for their very existence. The Socialists pointing out to the working-class that their master's function is purely parasitical, and disseminating a worldwide intelligent economic discontent.

The working-class, as a class, has not realised the position—yet. They are steeped in benighted ignorance, feeling a thralldom, but chasing will-o'-the-wisp catch-as-catch-can misleaders who juggle with their folly. Their minds are manacled, the range of their knowledge of economic truth microscopically limited, and their mentality clutched in the vice of superstition. And most nebulous and inane of the superstitions that harbor in the anatomy of their souls is patriotism, song-singing, flag-flapping hero-worshipping, coronation-chasing, lickspitting patriotism: a mundane superstition bereft of either Faith or Reason.

The man who is a Patriot, like the

true Catholic, will not reason. He knows that this country is the best on earth because—well, because He was born in it. His patriotism is sacrosanct. To reason about the subject is treason, sedition, blasphemy. Yet, everywhere, in whatever country you turn you find anti-patriots who have been through the patriotic mill. Men who have thrilled at the sight of the emblem of their master's country or at the photo of a plutocratic puppet called a monarch. Reason and revolt eventually penetrated their brains, and they stand to-day the pioneers of the New Age. Their call is to the working-class to reason. They don't run their conceptions holus-bolus down proletarian throats. They do appeal to rational beings to act rationally, and grip these problems with some sober semblance of sanity and not like benighted asses who bray with violent attacks of the jingo tremens every time you demand an appeal to reason.

We, who see the grim lie of our boasted civilisation, have got to fight down that lie. We may have to go through persecution of gaol and gallows to fight it, but win we must. A world of stupid bigotry and crass ignorance is in front of us, and we have got to win that world with the gospel of intelligence.

Colossal task! Mighty undertaking! Yes. But back of us is Right. And Right shall yet prove mightier than all the corruptions of the bourgeois. The bourgeois idols have got to fall, and when they fall the dream of dreams and ideal of ideals shall materialise, take on tangible form, and live enthroned in the world to be. Then life shall be worth living for all. Now, life is only worth the living to those who are in the fight for the great cause, to those who feel the thrill of the fight, to those who are out to emancipate the working-class with the sure and certain knowledge that in emancipating that class they free all Humanity and fling wide the flood-gates to a never-ending freedom.

"W.R.W." writes: In the *Bulletin* of April 27th, "S.S." says "Australian Socialists have taken Nietzsche to their bosoms, and quote the inspired German exuberantly." If "S.S." will refer again to my article on "Nietzsche and Jesus," which appeared in this paper on April 8, he will see that after giving a brief outline of Nietzsche's views I repudiated them as "furnishing a defence for the rich while they give full liberty to their lust for wealth regardless of the consequences to society." I further said that "the wealthy acclaim Nietzsche as the greatest of all modern thinkers, and they point to him as their most powerful champion against Socialism." All this should have shown "S.S." that we didn't take the "inspired German" to our bosoms, but recognised him as a new opponent with some ancient Malthusian arguments. But to put Socialistic opposition beyond question, I said, "Briefly, it may be said that the argument against Socialism (put by Nietzsche) fails, because Socialism is not based on sentiment. It is based on justice, and Socialists claim that no system can stand the test of time which is not based on justice." "Apparently after reading the above, "S.S." came to the conclusion that I meant just the opposite to what was plainly set forth, and he wondered at "the Socialists' delight" in Nietzsche. We on our side wonder how "S.S." managed to get such stuff past the editor and sub-editor of the *Bulletin*, who know so well that Socialists are opposed to champions of the present system. It needs a fair amount of nerve, in view of present wide-spread knowledge on the subject, to stand us up with Nietzsche and fire at us. It should be too late in the day to bracket us with Malthus, the Duke of Argyll, or Nietzsche, especially in the columns of the *Bulletin*.



## Plain Views.

BY W.R.W.

### The Royal Stole.

ALL parts of the Empire will be symbolised on the Stole to be worn by King George at the Coronation.—*S.M. Herald.*

How suggestive is that word "Stole!" It reminds one of the practice of the headhunters, who wear gruesome stoles made from the scalps and bones of their victims, while their huts are decorated with their skulls. Capitalist civilisation is a very thin veneer over savagery.

### Class War.

The *S.M. Herald*, referring to the Labor party, says that having ears "it will not hear," but votes the party platform though the heavens should fall, and further, that such is "one of the disasters of political and class solidarity."

Poor old lady Pardington of Hunter-street! What terrible shocks are in store for thy poor nerves! If the first glimpse of the coming class solidarity so affrights thee, how will thy dear old heart palpitate when "it" arrives in all its glory. Like thee, the Labor Party flounders at present indications, and blathers somewhat incoherently about "working for the good of all classes," but in time it will be superseded and replaced by a party which will seek to promote only the interests of one class—the industrious class.

No need to tell us that we are stirring up class-hatred: We know that. We glory in stirring that sort of thing up, for we hate the loafing class which the *Herald* battles for, and moreover, we know they hate us. They vote their party platform though the state (and the heavens) should fall, and they are solid in support of vested interests. They also have ears, but will not hear, and they also have eyes, but refuse to see the golden clouds which precede the dawn. They go on as usual removing themselves to Potts Point, or some other place where no poor may come to dwell near, surrounding themselves with building covenants so that no humble dwelling may mar the outlook from their palaces. They have their grand entrances, and their "tradesmen's entrances"; with "beware of the dog" in large letters on the gate. They have their first-class carriages on the railways, dress-circles at the theatres, purple and fine linen to clothe themselves, and flunkies' uniforms for their servants. They scorn those who work at some honest avocation, and ostracise any of their class who intermarry with the so-called "lower class." They insist on being addressed as "Sir," and teach their sons to demand from their infancy to be called "master." A "living wage" (you know what that means) is deemed good enough for the worker, but members of the "upper class" must have an "income adequate to maintain their station as gentlemen." In court, there is undoubtedly one law for the rich and another for the poor. The judges in breach of promise, divorce, or other cases always award any injured members of their class such substantial damages as befit their station in life. Poor folk, of course, never having been used to much, get little consideration. Everywhere the antagonists of the workers are solidly banded together by class hatred, and it is useless to try to cloak and hide the fact, or to endeavor to throw dust in the eyes of the people by telling them that which is not.

### Dumped Again.

Speaking in Sydney domain, at the recent meeting organised by the Trades Hall Council, in favor of the Referenda, Mr. Farrar drew a pathetic picture of the way the Labor Party in the Federal Parliament had been hoodwinked into voting the capitalist class heavy protective duties. "You vote those duties for us," said the capitalists, "and afterwards we will vote for new protection and high wages for your friends the workers." The Labor Party, in its simplicity, fell in with the suggestion and voted for the old protection, only to find out, when too late, that the pirates of industry had no intention of keeping their part of the compact. Certainly they passed the new protection through both houses of parliament, but they very soon had it before the High Court, where it was summarily knocked out. Then there were strikes and rumors of strikes, with the capitalists stronger than before to fight the workers, and afterwards the Referendum and Mr. Fisher's dark threat that if it was not carried his party would do something appalling. When the Referendum fails—as it must—perhaps the political Tom Fool will open his eyes to the futility of following a party whose leaders get no further in their grand march to nowhere. A party which meant business would never trust or take the word of the representatives of Capital. Only political sham fighters would meet the other side in solemn conclave and make "arrangements" as to what (useless) measures shall be passed through the temple of Barefaced Sham. A straight-out revolutionary party will fight Boodle in quite a different way and be much more successful. It will not allow its leader, with an entourage numbering eighteen or twenty, to go on an expensive jaunt to a coronation corrobor-

ree organised by the hereditary enemies of the people in a distant country, while the rank and file are left to gaze in open-mouthed wonder at the turn affairs are taking. The rank and file are to be pitied for their choice of leaders. With right guidance, their solidarity and class-consciousness could have been immensely developed, whereas they are deliberately led into an ambush prepared by their natural enemies.

### The Capitalists' Commercial Creed.

"What must we not become . . . when the great food reservoirs of North America are sufficient only for their own people, and Europe must turn to the newer lands of the south for her raw products and her food-stuffs."—*S.M. Herald.*

In the above sentence the editor of the great Sydney daily condenses the Australian capitalists' commercial creed. According to this creed, America and other nations are going to reach a period in their history when their production of food and raw products will only be sufficient for their own people, and they will cease to compete with us for the markets of Europe where the people are shut out from the land, and cannot produce all they require, and are now forced to look to America and the "newer lands of the south" for raw products and foodstuffs.

Their commercial belief is that the European markets are naturally ours, for the people of European nations are never going to wake up and demand the right to use the land. They are always going to be foolish enough to allow a few people to own the land and the means of production, and live in a state of luxury upon the great majority, who will continue to live content upon the verge of poverty and hand the bulk of their produce over to their perfumed and gilded masters.

America is to come to the same pass, for after she has arrived at that period when her "food-reservoirs are sufficient only for her own people," she will not stand still, but continues to grow in population, and her lands being limited, will by that time be monopolised, and her people will have to look to the newer lands of the south—such as Australia—for their raw-products and foodstuffs. Then "What must we not become?"

Of course America, like Europe, will still live in a state of Capitalistic barbarism and refuse to arrive at a proper appreciation of the present system. Her people will never break up the monopolies of land and capital and produce their foodstuffs, but will be always at the mercy of their capitalists and landlords and compelled to buy from us what they are not allowed to produce for themselves.

On their side, the foreign able editors have a similar belief in foreign markets, and they are painting rosy pictures of what they must become when the capture the Australian and other southern newer markets and develop their trade therein.

It never strikes the editors that a time may arrive when the people of all countries will produce for their own use and not for the profit of a few.

The people of this and all other countries are producing two-thirds more than they enjoy, the surplus being sold in foreign markets, and the profits quietly pocketed by the class which runs the present system. Our Australian butter, cheese, meat, and other foodstuffs, are being produced in quantities sufficient for several times our present population, and the surplus is sold cheaper in European countries than the same goods are sold here. This means that our workers are doing many times the amount of work necessary to maintain themselves. Were they working to produce for use, instead of for the profit of a few, they might live in luxury with one-third of their present labor.

What is true of Australian production is true of most countries—the many are hoodwinked and defrauded by the few who run the scheme. The huge and mostly unnecessary factory system is based on the ignorance of the many and the craft of the few. Why should the factory operatives of Great Britain be compelled to produce the many millions worth of machinery and wearing apparel over and above what the nation requires? They are produced for the profit of their masters, who grow fat and rich from the system.

The usurpers of the lands of Great Britain have the people shut out from the fields and meadows where they might grow their foodstuffs and raw-products, and they are compelled to go into the capitalists' factories to produce goods to sell in foreign markets to earn money with which to purchase the required foodstuffs and raw-products. It is a sorry scheme, and so simple that it is remarkable that the majority cannot see through it, and that even the able editors of the great dailies believe that the different nations are each going to achieve a great destiny under its full development.

### Capitalism in Papua.

A miner lately returned from Papua wrote to the papers complaining of the administration of affairs in that country. He was greatly upset at the favoritism shown by the authorities to the natives as against the white employers who wanted cheap labor. In the courts, and everywhere else, the native is encouraged to think that the white fellow

is justice and good-fellowship personified, and the miner, who wanted to get rich quick, couldn't understand why the boys once caught were not compelled to bear the white man's yoke submissively. But the administration is playing a deeper game than the miners and other employers would do. The native, like the Australian native, is somewhat shy of working any harder for his living than he can help, and as his food grows abundantly in his native bush, he frequently bolts from civilisation and the white employer the day after he has signed on for a year or so, taking with him all the presents he has received as peace or love offerings. The administration is endeavoring to break him off this habit of preferring the bush to wage-slavery, and is doing all in its power to cultivate in him a taste for the blessings of civilisation and hard yacker, so that he may become plastic material in the hands of the white nabobs in the grand scheme of fortune-building. To do this, the native has to be handled carefully at first. He has to be petted and favored until his confidence has been won, when he can be exploited at leisure. Meanwhile, white labor is discouraged from settling in Papua. Only gentlemen with capital are wanted there, for the country is to be the country of capitalists and black-boy slaves. The only drawback to the success of the scheme, is the native's present dislike for work and his preference for the simple life of the bush, but capital is hopeful that he may be cured in time, and become even a more willing slave than his poorer white brother. It is curious to note that boodledum is saying nothing about the danger of Japanese invasion of Papua, which lies a good deal nearer than the northern territory of Australia, and is like our "empty north," quite unprotected. The "empty spaces" of the territory must be filled up with immigrants at once if we are to live in safety, but Papua may remain empty until the black boy can be exploited. It is to be hoped that the latter's natural instincts and shrewd common sense will prove too much for his would-be exploiters. White slavery is bad enough, but it would shock the gods if another dark race were to sink as low as our civilisation.

### Notes from Adelaide.

BY H.S.C.

Mr. T. H. Smeaton, labor (?) M.P., is the latest editor of the strike-breaking fraternity to break out on the subject of the labor (?) government and strikes. He is reported to have stated inter alia, "He had no sympathy with the strikes that went on at the present time. Possibly situations might occur when strikes were unavoidable, but most of the strikes of to-day were being made for purposes he did not care to think of because it led him to strange conclusions." As all the strikes in South Australia at the present time have been endorsed by the union mortuary, it would appear that even such a "Lead-kindly-lighter" as Mr. Smeaton has a very poor opinion of that august body. Mr. Crawford Vaughan, labor (?) minister, has also once more emphasised the fact that our labor (?) parliament is a parliament of capitalism, as he stated on Friday last that the Government could not take sides in an industrial dispute, although they were prepared to help the unions in their private capacity. Crawford was wrong when he stated that the government could not take sides in an industrial dispute, as our labor? government can and do take sides—with Fat.

The members of the Port Adelaide wharf laborers' union and the drivers' union have set a much needed example to other organizations by absolutely refusing to touch any of the scab fruit from Renmark. Several unsuccessful attempts have been made to ship cargoes of scab fruit during the last week. This is somewhat refreshing after the harvest of organized scabbery we have had in South Australia during the last few months.

H. J. Bovill (chairman of the scab growers at Renmark) stated on Friday "that the growers appreciate the attitude that the Minister of Industry and the Commissioner of Crown Lands have adopted in regard to the handling of fruit at the Government Produce Depot, and hope that they will continue to protect the growers in the event of fruit being sent down for shipment by interstate boats." But it is impossible for either Wilson, Vaughan, or the whole scab labor? government to force the wharf laborers or drivers to scab.—27.4.11.

Everything in THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST has been disorganised this week by the sudden illness of the editor, following on the heavy strain involved in the production of the May Day issue. We had arranged for the publication of a special article dealing with the cement trouble at Portland and the wharves, but this we are compelled to hold back for the above reason. A little over a week ago, Holland suffered a temporary break-down, but quickly recovered, and resumed his place in the office. This time the breakdown is far more serious, and will in all probability compel many alterations. He will have to cancel his arrangements to speak in the Maitland coal district during this week and at Glenbrook railway works next week.

## Silence is Golden.

THE EDITOR, INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.—Sir,—Those who have read W. Minto's biography of Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," will know how long and profitably Defoe ran his paper, the *Review*, 200 years ago, by the ingenious process of claiming to be entirely independent of Whigs or Tories in order to avoid suspicion, and by always being in the service of the ruling party. From Defoe's time to our own it has been possible and profitable to buy the support of influential papers, for most people do not think for themselves but take their opinions from the daily press and the weakly parsons; and the rulers who own or control these moulders of public opinion can make themselves secure, until they feather their nests by buying the thunder or the silence of press and pulpit. (Lest your readers might misunderstand me, let me say just here that they must not confound the pulpit with Christianity, for it is long since the majority of the parsons ceased to preach the principles of pure Christianity, and began to teach the tenets of Capitalism under cover of religion). Carlyle says "speech is silver; silence is golden." This acquires a new meaning when viewed in the light of events in connection with the policy and methods of capitalistic newspapers. The political party that is too poor to own or bribe a paper is like a very weak prophet in a very wide wilderness, but a party which has squirmed itself into possession of the money-box has secured powers of expression and suppression which renders it secure until another party outbids in the price offered for support. One method of supporting the ruling class gang is to magnify its seeming virtues, remain silent on its evident faults and crimes, and suppress all but the briefest and mildest references to them. Anyone who is sufficiently interested in the affairs of the country to write to the capitalistic press upon any social or political wrong knows how difficult it is to get a letter published in its original form, and how impossible it is to have it inserted at all if its publication is likely to expose the trickery of the party that supports the paper. Knowing that THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST is always open to receive the opinions of friend or foe, I enclose herewith a copy of a letter which was suppressed by a local capitalistic paper in the interest of the jingo Labor Party. The letter is as follows:

"The Editor, *Newcastle Morning Herald*.—Sir,—As the so-called Labor Party has little or nothing to do whilst waiting for Mr. McGowen to return from the coronation corroboree, I would like Mr. J. Estell to answer a few important questions:

1. Did he not assure me, in reply to a question, on the eve of the last election, that he and the rest of the 'Labor' party would take the first opportunity to repeal the so-called 'Coercion Act' of Mr. Wade?

2. As the Labor Party has been in power for several months and has, therefore, had ample time and opportunity to repeal the Coercion Act, does not the neglect of the Party to repeal that obnoxious Act amount to practically obtaining money and political support under false pretences?

3. Did not the Labor Party base their objections to the Coercion Act on the fact that it provided fines and imprisonment for the crime of striking?

4. Assuming that such is the case why did the Labor Party attempt to fine or imprison the ironworkers of Lithgow, and actually succeed in having the unfortunate men heavily fined and threatened with imprisonment in default of payment?

5. If Mr. Estell believes in the alleged principles of arbitration, how can any Arbitration be made effective without provisions being made therein to fine or jail strikers?

6. As Mr. Estell (and the rest of the Party) is pledged to support the fallacy of arbitration, and the consequent inevitable jailing of strikers, how can he consistently advocate the repeal of the Coercion Act, which only provides the same punishment?

7. Does Mr. Estell know that the A.M.A. of Broken Hill, consisting of thousands of unionists, recently passed the following resolution by a unanimous vote:—"That this meeting of the A.M.A. condemns the traitorous action of the McGowen Government in prosecuting, fining, and attempting to jail the unionists at Lithgow and Caregar under the infamous Industrial Disputes Act for refusing to handle scab iron ore; and we are astounded at this act of class tyranny seeing that the McGowen Government pledged themselves to repeal the said Act?"

8. If Mr. Estell is aware of this why has not such a clever gentleman either attempted to defend himself and party, or been honest enough to admit that he and the others are no better in that respect than Mr. Wade? There are many other questions which I would like to ask Mr. Estell, but I will not trespass on your space at present. I trust that Mr. Estell will find time to reply to these questions, and that in replying he will not seek the assistance of Miss Light or some other brainy person, and that he will not employ the disgusting language which he used the other day in a public place, as such filthy expressions were only fit for a brothel or the walls of a corrupt and degenerate parliament house. I am, sir, yours respectfully, JOSHUA COOKING."

Wallsend, 16-4-11.



## Renmark Notes.

BY F.S.S.

RENMARK special constables are out to make trouble.

In a recent case against unionists, the daily press reports that "most of the witnesses were cadets, who recently arrived from England, or farmers from Kapunda. One of the cadets in the row was a special constable, and when he finished giving his evidence, a defendant, Langford, said, "Well, if South Australia gets many more like you God help her."

Corporal Panton, who sent his little son out to scab, and who was there as the representative of the S.A. Labor Government, ASKED FOR HEAVY PENALTIES. The magistrate inflicted fines of £6 and £3 10s in two cases, threatening that he would send unionists to jail if they came before him again on similar charges.

The S.A. workers ought to be proud of their Labor Government.

At a local meeting of the U.L.U. it was resolved: "That in the opinion of this meeting the Hon. J. P. Wilson is a traitor to the working-class, seeing that he has used the position the workers have placed him in to try and force unionists to scab on unionists in the interests of the exploiting class, according to his action at the Gov. Produce Depot."

It was also resolved that the U.L.U. delegates be requested to cite Wilson before Adelaide Trades and Labor Council.

Resolved: "That the Renmark strikers heartily appreciate the manly stand taken by the unionists at the Government Produce Depot, Port Adelaide."

Some time ago a minister here accused a certain party of stealing his socks, and the parson told a dear old whiskey-loving, God-fearing corporal of the fact, and the corporal, wanting to make a name for himself, went and searched the house of the suspected thief—without a warrant; and for his impudence and over-zealousness lost a stripe. The parson has long since cleared out, but the corporal —

On a recent Sunday evening Murray, Spence, and Wilson left Renmark—a large crowd assembling to see them off. They sailed in the "Royal"—a union boat. Organiser Murphy spoke briefly, asking the departing comrades to do all they could to advertise scab fruit from Renmark and also to work for industrial unionism, which made an injury to one an injury to all. Spillmann, in supplementing Murphy's remarks, referred sympathetically to the recent persecution of Murray. Murray responded for himself and mates, and mentioned that they had a list of scab growers and scab employees for future use.

The *Labor Advocate* (Sydney) is now the official organ of the Federated Engine Drivers' and Firemen's Association. On page 4 of last issue we found this: "Subscribers are respectfully requested to patronise those firms who advertise" in the *Labor Advocate*, "as they believe fair wages enable the workers to buy from them." When we turned to page 5, and found the largest advertiser was Eustace Bennett's Monte de Piété, we wondered what the workers could buy from that concern; and when we once more turned back to page 4 and discovered that the only advt. there was that of a well-known coffin-shop, we concluded that either the *Labor Advocate* was a keenly humorous paper with a great future before it, or there was some singular connecting link between the advice to patronise the money-lender and the body-planter that didn't appear above the surface.

The General Secretary of the S.F.A. reports having received sustentation fees from Hawthorn and Port Pirie.

## S.F.A. News &amp; Notes.

## Broken Hill.

The open air meeting on Saturday night was a great success. Comrade Green, opening with a rousing speech, replied to statements made by the visiting Labor politicians. He spoke of the futility of the efforts of the Labor Party to ameliorate the conditions of the working class.

Comrades Wood and Considine followed and made stirring speeches.

The paper and literature sales were splendid.

Our Hall was packed on Sunday night to hear Comrade Wood lecture on "The Curse of Militarism." Considine occupied the chair.

## South Australia.

On Saturday night and Sunday afternoon the outdoor meetings were attended by large audiences, and the various speakers dealt spiritedly with the Referenda.

All the papers and literature were sold out.

On Sunday night in the Socialist Hall Comrade A. K. Wallace, delivered a masterly address on "Life and Death," and during his address paid a tribute to the late Comrade Madgewick. The address was warmly appreciated by the large audience present.

On Monday night a meeting of the party was held to consider conference proposals and it was decided to forward on various resolutions to be placed on the agenda paper.

## Sydney Jottings.

On Saturday evening splendid meetings were held at Newtown Bridge and Balmain. At both meetings there was an increase in the numbers who came to listen to the gospel of revolt.

At the Domain meeting on Sunday a big crowd rolled up to the May Day demonstration.

In the evening splendid meetings were held at Goulburn-street and Market-street.

All copies of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST were sold.

Monday evening May Day was celebrated at the Club rooms. There was a large attendance. Short speeches were delivered, after which dancing was indulged in until a late hour. A full report of the celebrations will appear in our next issue.

Mrs. Montefiore was called away to the country, and therefore could not speak at Sunday or Monday's meetings.

## The Social Revolution.

By the social revolution we mean the overthrow of Capitalist class rule and the domination of politics and industry by the working class, which would then cease to be a class because it would comprise all. A revolution is a turning round of society, so that a hitherto ruling class is deposed, and a previously subject class becomes dominant. The triumph of the working class would mark the last of the social revolutions, because the workers are the last class in economic subjection. Their victory will not only overthrow the rule of the Capitalist class, but will abolish all classes, because the existence of classes presupposes one class in power and one or more classes under that power. The end of the social revolution means, therefore, the end of the class struggle, and of all the strife that grows out of the economic advantage of one social division over another. The Socialists are revolutionary because the social revolution is the end and ultimate purpose of their propaganda and effort. They differ from the various reformers in that the reformer never proposes the overthrow of the ruling class. Reformers confine their efforts to measures by which they hope to improve conditions without removing the present masters from supreme power.

Finding it hard to recruit white people, France is raising an army of blacks for use in the next war. Nothing could better illustrate the reactionary nature of the present order than its determination to use the illiterate and half savage in crushing out the aspirations of the civilised.

Mrs. Montefiore will speak at Cessnock (Anstey's balcony) this Saturday evening; Kurri Rotunda, Sunday afternoon at 3; and Weston at 8. Local comrades have all arrangements well in hand.

## May Day Celebrations.

The domain meeting on Sunday was one of the most successful ever held. Wilson presided, and in a few words made clear the meaning and importance of the workers' day.

Blumenthal was the first speaker, and moved the following resolution:

That this meeting of Sydney socialists and unionists sends fraternal greeting to the workers of other States and countries, and declare for the international solidarity of the working class, organised industrially and politically, as the only guarantee of the world's peace.

Blanch seconded, and delivered an interesting speech, which was frequently applauded.

The following resolution was then moved by Walsh, seconded by Ruthenford, and ably supported by Mrs. Lynch in a neat and witty speech:

That this meeting further declares that the emancipation of the working class can only be the work of the working class, and that such emancipation can only be accomplished by the workers organised on revolutionary, industrial, and political lines.

That this meeting of socialists and unionists declares itself hostile to all forms of militarism, recognising that all armed forces serve to buttress up the present capitalist system, and are a menace to the emancipation of the working class. Further, that militarism fosters brutal and murderous instincts in the hearts and minds of men, and as such is against the welfare and progress of humanity. Recognising the above, this meeting urges the working class of all countries to combat militarism in all its forms, and by doing so help to cripple the power of the ruling class until the hour of working class emancipation arrives.

Four armed men drove up to a Chicago establishment in daylight, held up the attendants, and drove off with £5000 worth of jewellery.

Sam Hordern lifts more than £50,000 a year without incurring any of the risk those robbers took.

Adelaide Trust Workers' Union, Broken Hill A.M.A., Renmark U.L.U., and Adelaide A.W.U., have all carried resolutions censuring the McGowen Government for fining and endeavoring the jail men at Lithgow who refused to handle scab ore.

When Mr. John Haynes wrote that newspaper article (for which he admits he got £50) against the Neath coal mine being taken over by S.A. Government, wasn't he a member of the P.L.L., and didn't the P.L.L. in 1909 (the year following) accept Mr. Hayne's nomination for selection as Labor candidate for Bathurst?

Captains and certificated mates and engineers on the river Murray are being warned by the U.L.U. against working with scab crews.

"The rich are much happier than the poor."  
"They would be except for one thing."  
"What is that?"  
"They don't know it."

"What time is it fellow?"  
"Just five-thirty."  
"Is your watch right?"  
"To a second."  
"I suppose it regulates the sun, moon and stars?"  
"Not in this town, boss."  
"What does, then?"  
"The factory whistle."—*Coming Nation.*

The most contemptible form of prostitution is that of the of man who sells his brains to debase popular intelligence.

It's no wonder the poet sang:  
"And the men who own the mines,  
And who live like kings of old,  
Ah! little they care how their wage slaves fare,  
As long as they get the gold.  
And the fire damp may explode,  
And a thousand die outright,  
For men come cheap—who go down deep,  
In the land of the noonday night."

Look at the healthy savage whom the missionaries of trade and the traders of religion have not corrupted with Christianity, syphilis and the dogma of work, and then look at our miserable slaves of machines.—PAUL LA FARGUE.

National differences, and antagonisms between peoples, are daily more and more vanishing, owing to the development of the bourgeoisie, to freedom of commerce, to the world-market, to uniformity in the mode of production and in the conditions of life corresponding thereto.—*Manifesto.*

## Broken Hill Notes.

BY E. V. COGAN.

ONCE more Broken Hill has been visited by plague—not by a plague of locusts but by something more infectious, viz., Labor politicians. Included amongst them was the notorious Beeby, who holds a great reputation as a strike-breaker.

The visitors were given a great time by the local capitalists, and one of the chief features of their visit was the manner in which they slobbered over one another.

Kearsley, member for Northumberland, referred to the I.W.W. element in his electorate, and solemnly declared that those intelligent workers did not believe in compensation for the workers but confiscation. As the capitalists—and Labor politicians—particularly—declare that their interests and the interests of the workers, the masters and the slaves, were identical, he thought to say the least of it, that it wasn't fair that the workers should want the full products of their labor.

He then insulted the intelligence of the local toilers by telling them that the owner of the means of production was a worker.

If Mr. Kearsley wasn't any more intelligent, economically, than the usual run of Labor politicians, he should know that the man who owns the means of production is an idle, useless parasite, who lives upon the labor of others.

Mr. Dunne, also a Labor-member, was in favor of Compulsory Military Training. When someone interjected, "To teach the boys to go around burning farms," Mr. Dunne thundered back: "No! to teach the Australians to prevent the invaders from burning our farms." Of course, he meant our masters farms. And if the property of our masters is not threatened, the military could be utilised to shoot down a worker or two whenever they showed a tendency to make their lives a little brighter and happier.

Mr. Griffith, our local member, championed the day labor system because, no doubt, more sweat and blood could be wrung from the aching limbs of the worker. That he is not in sympathy with the workers is shown by his statement that if day labor is going to be a success the Department had to see to it that they got a pound's worth of work for twenty shillings.

## The Press Fund.

Amounts donated to this Fund are devoted solely to liquidating the debt on the Printing Plant used to produce THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

	£	s	d
Already acknowledged	-	83	10 2
J. Parsons, Nyngan,	-	0	1 0
Friends	-	0	1 1 1/2
Friend	-	0	0 3
Per Mrs. E. Anderson (Book 52)	-	0	1 0
O. Martin	-	0	1 0
Per O. Jorgensen (Book 3) M.	-	0	2 0
Muller Is, Diedericks Is	-	0	2 0
Total	-	83	18 6 1/2
Advanced as Loans	-	-	-
Already acknowledged	-	5	0 0
Balance	-	88	18 6 1/2

All communications to be addressed to O. W. Jorgensen, secretary, Press Fund Committee 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

## Party Premises Fund.

	£	s	d
Previously acknowledged	-	5	8 6
Proceeds of sale	-	0	5 0
J. Carroll	-	0	1 0
	-	5	14 6

## Committee and General Meetings.

The following meetings will be held at 274 Pitt-street, Sydney, during the forthcoming week:—  
Thursday, 7—S.F.A. Administrative Council.  
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Club Executive.  
Monday, 8.30 p.m.—Joint Executives.  
Monday, 9.15 p.m.—Party Executive.

## Propaganda Features.

## Sunday.

DOMAIN, 3.—Rutherford (chair), Riley, Black, Wilson.  
MARKET-STREET.—Feldhusen, (chair), Wilson, Fulham.  
GOULBURN-STREET, 7.30.—Slade (chair), Blumenthal, Rutherford, Ritchie.

## Saturday.

NEWTOWN BRIDGE, 7.30.—Walsh, Slade, Rutherford, Literature: Fulham.  
BALMAIN, 6.30.—Riley, Wilson

## Mrs. Dora B. Montefiore

Will address Public Meetings in the Maitland Coal District as under—

Cessnock, Saturday, May 6, at 7.30.  
Kurri, Sunday, May 7, at 3.  
Weston, Sunday, May 7, at 7.30.

A Branch of the S.F.A. will be formed during Mrs. Montefiore's campaign. Intending members will please communicate with the undersigned. See handbills for further particulars.

T. DELANEY.

Maitland-street, Abermain.



## SOCIETY'S DISGRACE.

A LONELY woman wandered by,  
With crouching form, averted eyes,  
In her arms she carried an infant fair  
In her heart she carried a grim despair,  
And close to her heaving aching breast  
Her child of shame she closely pressed;  
The night grew dark as she wandered on  
Still closer pressing her little one.  
Her step grows feeble as she goes,  
Down to the river that darkly flows,  
Then with a wail of wild despair,  
She plunges in with her baby fair.  
Time rolls on, but the waters fail  
To hide the bodies that tell the tale:  
The State steps in—too late to save,  
She tosses them into a pauper's grave.  
Then come forward the pulpit and press,  
To moralise—they can't do less.  
Their fates discussed by a Christian world,  
And an orthodox verdict has them hurled,  
Down as deep as they can go,  
Into Theology's fires below,  
Piously quoting with virtuous breath  
The wages of sin is surely death.  
A gent of fashion goes walking by,  
A cane in his hand, a glass to his eye;  
Gracefully bow to the ladies fair  
As he lifts his hat from his curly hair,  
Causing many a flutter and sigh  
In the ladies' hearts as he saunters by;  
Courtied at Club and at festive scenes,  
King of Hearts among beauty's Queens,  
He plays his hand with graceful ease,  
And seems to win where'er he please;  
And many a damsel's hand is played  
To get his diamond upon her spade;  
Although 'twas known he meant to smother  
That trusting maiden, pure, and fair,  
And swore by all in Heaven above,  
No other damsel he could love;  
And vowed that she his wife should be,  
If she would trust implicitly,  
Altho' 'twas known he was to blame  
For bringing that dead girl to shame;  
Altho' 'twas known she bore his child,  
She's voted base—he only wild;  
Altho' 'tis known he caused her death,  
Against him there is not a breath,  
And this is in a Christian land,  
Where justice is boasted on every hand,  
Prompt to punish the hungry thief  
Who steals a loaf to get relief,  
But the seducer with villainous wiles,  
In safety can bask in Society's smiles.

—W. C. SMITH.

## International Notes.

## Germany.

THE Social-Democrats in the Reichstag have given notice of the following motion:—"In view of the fact that the French Chamber of Deputies and the British House of Commons have declared their willingness to accept a limitation of armaments, the Reichstag decides to request the Imperial Chancellor immediately to take steps to bring about an international understanding for a general limitation of armaments simultaneously with the abolition of the right of capture at sea."

Proceedings have begun in Berlin before the Court of Honor in the Chamber of Advocates against Dr. Karl Liebknecht, who is a member of the Bar, on the ground of a resolution which he introduced at the Party Congress at Magdeburg, which is alleged to contain a libel against the Czar and the Prussian and Hessian Governments.

The resolution denounced the Governments for sheltering, in the person of the Czar, the representative of a barbarous, lawless, and treasonable tyranny. Our comrades in the Landtag have passed an urgent motion for a stay of the process while the House of which Liebknecht is a member is in session.

## India.

The Government has introduced a Bill into the Legislative Council as a substitute for the law against seditious meeting, which expires on March 31. The new law will permit the discussion of political matters in public meetings provided this does not create excitement resulting in a breach of the peace. It also, in a certain sense, limits the powers which the local authorities, through the former law, were able to exercise against seditious meetings. The representative of the Government declared that there was still an organised revolutionary party, but that little was known of their plan of action.

## Italy.

The court at Ravenna has condemned 112 Socialist women who forced their way into a field to hinder blacklegs from working for interference with the freedom of labor. The adults among them are condemned to six months' and the others to five months' imprisonment.

## Roumania.

At the elections which have just taken place, the Roumanian Socialists, for the first time, put up candidates. The comrades in Bucharest polled 200 to 300 votes. Rakovski reached the highest number—319, against 1,000 polled by his victorious bourgeois opponent. The police did all they could during the campaign to hinder our comrades by arresting the candidates, searching their houses, etc. Rakovski, who, it will be remembered, was some time ago declared to be an alien, and expelled, although his Roumanian citizenship was absolutely guaranteed by the British Convention, now returned, and gave notice against himself to the Public Prosecutor, in order to bring about a revision of his expulsion by the Courts. The Government tried to evade the awkward situation

by the untrue statement that Rakovski had not been informed of his expulsion; that it, therefore, could not legally be enforced; therefore, the Public Prosecutor refused Rakovski's notice against himself, and the Government sent him a new expulsion order. A mass meeting of Bucharest workmen passed resolutions of protest against the treatment of Rakovski. But worse was to follow. As Rakovski refused to leave Roumania, he was brought to the frontier by force, and threatened that he would be shot if he refused to cross it, while on the other side the Bulgarian sentries also threatened to shoot him if he did so! A report from Bucharest says that he was, some time later, put on board a ship bound for Turkey.

## Russia.

In almost all the high schools Social-Democratic groups have been formed among the students. The management is in the hands of the Social-Democrats, except in the mining college and the polytechnic, where the Social Revolutionaries predominate. The students are in a very hopeful frame of mind. The interpellations on the subject were discussed in the Duma on March 1, when members of the Right made hot attacks on the Socialist students. A number of the most distinguished professors and other teachers have resigned, 110 altogether, from Moscow University. The faculty of science is completely disorganised.

The question of the University troubles was recently raised in the Duma. A member of the Extreme Right, Obroussov, stated that during the revolution "girl students offered themselves by hundreds to drunken sailors, in order to get them to join the revolution." These words called forth a tremendous tumult. The whole of the Left arose as one man in order to bring the author of this ignominy to silence. With cries of "Blackguard! Scoundrel! Bandit!" a number of deputies precipitated themselves upon the tribune. At that moment the President closed the sitting and the electric light was cut off.

## Women's Movement.

The International Socialist Women's Conference at Copenhagen decided that, in order to make more effectual propaganda for women's suffrage, a special day should be set apart once a year, if possible, in each country, to demonstrate for this object. The German comrades chose Sunday, March 19, for this "Frauentag," and the Austrian comrades also arranged for the same day. The Socialist women in Switzerland and Denmark followed suit, so that four countries were demonstrating at the same time with the same object. Clara Zetkin has published a special paper, *Frauenwahlrecht*, in honor of the occasion, to which many well-known comrades of Germany and Austria contributed, while the Socialist women from many countries expressed in it their sympathy and good wishes.

## United States.

A case that bears a strong resemblance, in the criminality of its plot and the fiendishness of its details, to the recent effort to murder Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, is being manufactured at Los Angeles, Cal. John McNamara, secretary of the International Bridge and Iron Structural Workers' Union and others have been arrested and charged with the destruction of the Los Angeles Times office—which event took place some months ago. As our readers will remember, it was then alleged by the Labor and Socialist press that everything pointed to suspicion that the explosion was the work of the proprietors themselves, for the purpose of discrediting the unions.

The feverish desire of the ruling class to murder the unionists is evinced by the publication in the Los Angeles Times of the following, while the case is still *sub judice*:

"If these men are convicted and hanged, their deaths, or the death of ten thousand like them, will not expiate their awful crime, but will serve to warn closed shop laborites that in attempting to carry out their ends by violence they are butting against the bosses of bucklers of society, and will gain nothing but bruises from the conflict."

The Western Miners' Federation will levy its 50,000 members £1 each to raise a fund for the defence.

The arrested men were subjected to the infamous "third degree" methods of examination.

The American unionists declare the charge to be utterly false.

A later cable says that the Los Angeles District Attorney, and the Anti-Union Employers' counsel, together with their chauffeur, have been arrested on a charge of kidnapping John McNamara, the alleged dynamiter of the Los Angeles Times offices. The proceedings have been taken at the instigation of the Labor unions in Indianapolis.

Fred. Warren didn't make his great fight in vain.

## China.

It is reported that a collision occurred between the authorities and revolutionaries at Canton over the arrest of a revolutionary. In the fighting which took place there were 300 casualties.

## Capitalism's Trail of Blood.

For if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! we have paid it in full!

WILLIAM MARR, employed as a shunter at Bathurst railway station, was knocked down by a train, and sustained severe injuries about the body.

Ruben Stott, railway porter, was knocked down and run over by a train while crossing the line at Kensington, Melbourne. Both his legs were cut off and he died an hour later.

Alex. Adams, employed by the China Navigation Steamship Co., received severe injuries to his left leg through a heavy piece of timber falling.

There were 11 passengers killed and 50 seriously injured through the train leaving the rails at Pennsylvania (U.S.A.).

The Greek steamer Elle and the Danish steamer Alfa collided in the North Sea. Four seamen from the Alfa were drowned.

Bert Weeks, a laborer, while working on the new markets, Sydney, was injured by a brick falling on his head.

Oscar Anders, while working for Miller's timber company, Perth, was killed as the result of a tree falling on him.

Twenty-four miners have been killed by an explosion in a local mine at Elk Garden, West Virginia, U.S.A.

Driver Sibra was pinned beneath his engine, which, with some trucks, left the Burriemuck line and turned completely over. It was three hours before Sibra was released. His leg was terribly injured, and death resulted at Yass Hospital. Sibra was 25 years of age, and had been only eight months married.

R. Kay and Jas. McKibbin were severely injured by a fall of coal in the Austral mine, Koorumburra, Vic. The latter had his thigh broken.

R. J. Wesley was severely burned about the face and neck as the result of the ignition of petrol vapor at a motor car establishment at Parramatta.

W. Louie was caught in a drilling machine at Quiloch's foundry, Pyrmont, and whirled round several times, his clothes being torn off. He sustained internal injuries.

A fisherman named Frank de Gilio was drowned off Gawler Flats, S.A.

A. Bone, employed at the British Australian oil works received a fractured jaw and had nearly all his teeth knocked out through a lever bar snapping, at Murrumbidgee.

F. Nakan was killed while riding to work at St. Peters.

William Johnson was working on a gas-pipe near the Adelphi Theatre, Sydney, when he was overcome by the escaping gas. He was conveyed to Sydney Hospital in an unconscious condition.

## Socialist Fables.

## The Soldiers and the Agent.

BY W. B. W.

A SOLDIER who had been through the Boer war came to the conclusion that war was a fraud, a capitalist confidence-trick, and a trap for the ignorant worker.

Having arrived at that conclusion, he resolved to have no more of it, and after fighting the capitalist government, which tried to cheat him out of his pay when he returned, he settled down on a small piece of land and built himself a neat little cottage.

Being very industrious, he had a fine flower garden, which was regarded with envious eyes by some wealthy gentlemen neighbors.

One of his rich neighbors hired an agent to go to the ex-soldier and endeavor to buy him out.

The agent duly arrived at the ex-soldier's garden, and after admiring the flowers for some time, he broached the subject upon which he had come to speak.

"I see," said the soldier, "you envy me my cottage and garden, and want to buy me out. I don't want to sell, but, nevertheless, you shall have the lot for a much smaller price than I paid for it. We will go to a clear space, and I'll fire at you twenty times with a gun, at thirty yards distance, and if I don't kill you, you can have the lot."

The agent wouldn't agree to this. In fact, he said, "I wouldn't stand up to be shot at for all the land and cottages in the country."

"Well, if you will not agree to my terms," said the soldier, "remember this: I have been shot at hundreds of times at shorter range, before I arrived where you found me, and very often for people whom I had never seen, and did not know, and with no promise of a piece of land if I wasn't killed."

Soldiers under capitalism are workers hired by capitalists to murder their fellow-workers for a pittance that would put a scab to shame.

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READ, not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find lack and discourse, but to weigh and consider.—FRANCIS BACON.

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## May Day Demonstrations.

Sunday and Monday, April 30 and May 1. Be There.



## THE AWAKENING.

(FOR THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.)

BY W.K.W.

"SIR HENRY LUCY, after due lament on the ill-health of eminent political persons, remarks that the direct money cost of the Coronation will be at least £200,000."—S.M. Herald.

I've often sat and wondered  
When, in the motherland,  
The patient British workman  
Would come to understand  
That kings and empty statesmen,  
And lords of land and wealth,  
Are parasites who have roots  
And all their growth in stealth.

They cheat him in his labor,  
And make him live in want;  
They keep him fast in bondage,  
While they of Freedom cant.  
They robe themselves in splendor,  
And fatten on his toil;  
And every small advance of his  
With care and cunning foil.

Now they are quite uneasy,  
And ill in health are they;  
They find that they are losing  
Their ancient hold and sway.  
Behold! how in their panic,  
They rally round the crown,  
And sing "God Save our Gracious King"  
Through famous London town.

But see their gilded idol,  
The head and front of all  
The statesmanship and cunning,  
Is tottering to its fall.  
In vain they spend the thousands  
They steal from honest folk,  
The people are awaking  
And casting off their yoke.

The toadies, snobs, and hunters—  
Of sordid place and pay,  
The greedy profit-mongers  
Have had their evil day:  
With kings, and priests, and courtiers,  
With all the robber-class,  
Into dark oblivion  
They must forever pass.

## The Red International.

BY A. CRAWFORD, EDITOR, "VOICE OF LABOUR," JOHANNESBURG.

The world is really very small; there is no need to travel to realise this fact. In size it is only a millionth part that of the sun which makes our day, and the millions of stars we can observe at night, tumbling in the sky, are each as big as our sun, and light, in all probability, worlds of their own. So far away are some of the stars from us that we can calculate that if Jesus Christ left our earth in the year 1 to travel to heaven a thousand times faster than the Melbourne Express, he is still millions of miles this side of thousands of visible stars.

It is so silly to make six bites at one cherry, and it is more ludicrous to observe a serious band of men and women with "light of science in their eyes" make so many revolutionary bites at our earthly sphere. If the cherry were suspended by a thread and the six people were each to bite a specially-marked portion, they should probably all miss the cherry as well as the mark and bite each other. So it is with our national Socialist Parties. The capitalist world is annoyed with their nibblings, but is more than compensated by the fun it gets when, as often happens, we snap at each other.

To-day we have our International Socialist Bureau threatened largely by Laborism and Revisionism.

Now, Socialism is something more than getting men into parliament; it is something more than setting up heroes on a pedestal to be worshipped by the common herd and purchased by the great Liberal Parties. It means a Revolution in the basis of Human Society. It means that ownership of tools and materials socially used shall be social and not private and individual. The transformation from private to social ownership of property constitutes a revolution, nothing else matters that is not corollary to that. Short of that there can be no compromise. Our work is to help evolution to make a revolution. Human effort can do no more than influence human thought, we must therefore educate towards revolution.

These thoughts were in my mind when I left South Africa. When I came to New Zealand I compared notes with the leading comrades. Hogg, Farland, Miedema (of Wellington) sympathised with the idea; Cooke, Howard, and Freeman (of Christchurch) were enthusiastic; Munro (of Dunedin); Munciliffe (of Fielding); Duncan (of Huntly); Scott-Bennett, Bloodworth and Savage (of Auckland) fell in with the idea,

the latter and Cooke having partially thought out schemes in this direction to put before me. It was indeed encouraging; I would complete my world tour and by that time would know of the practicability of my idea!

The day following my arrival in Sydney, I met Mrs. Dora B. Montefiore. Our comrade has been in those parts of the world I have yet to visit. She has met and talked to every Socialist worth meeting and talking to. She has attended several International Socialist Congresses. She isn't a politician; has no "axe to grind" and no reason or desire to live except to help the revolutionary cause. To her I unfolded my idea and asked her opinion. To my joy I found she had been for years tending in the same direction.

"What we want," said I, "is to revive the old International."

"And call it the 'Red International,'" replied Mrs. Montefiore.

"We might regain its spirit and revolutionary fervor and lose the methods of artifice and contrivance of hypocritical politicians who seek to pervade our ranks," I suggested.

"Exactly," answered our distinguished woman comrade, "our motto must be that of William Morris—'Educate towards revolution!'"

"A glorious motto!" I exclaimed; "truly a test for any method employed: politics for education, not education for politics. The orator for education, not vote-catching. Reformers conceded to mark our triumphant progress, not to buy our silence and consent to be kept under. Why, with a World Party we need not demand that this national division of our party or that should or should not take the political field, but with such a motto we could emphatically insist that, at all times, all action taken should have a purpose—Education towards Revolution."

"Quite a good idea," said Harry Holland, "but it should work through the International Socialist Congress."

"Wouldn't it be fine?" said the Melbourne women comrades. "Capital," said the mere men.

Well to my mind the time has arrived for a great World Revolutionary Party to be formed. My talks with Mrs. Montefiore have convinced me of that before I reach Canada, America, England and the Continent. A start should be made at the next Congress which is being held at Vienna. Australia must try and secure as full representation as possible, and as direct as possible. That, of course, is just what I think.

Fred. Cooke's idea was to send letters regularly round the world from every country to be passed on to every other country. We can easily do more than that. We have Socialist papers now in every large town. Socialist editors might easily act as International correspondents. Our headquarters might invent a cable code adapted to the social and industrial character of our work. We would in this way learn the truth of our labor troubles in the various countries and add interest to our press. There's nothing utopian about this proposal. It is immediately capable of consummation.

Saveage, of Auckland, had an idea for the interchange of Socialist speakers. It is only practicable under a single auspices.

Our Red International would guarantee that purpose is not sacrificed to an artificial unity, and when the party extended beyond the border of a single country it's best orators would serve the party without regard to territorial boundaries.

The old International is a lasting monument to the profound intellect of the early Revolutionaries. Lasalle, Marx, and their colleagues had a greater grasp of the truth than we have had, since their attempt to link up the workers of the world was too truly intellectual; they knew too well and penetrated the vista of the future too far. Their "Internation" was an anachronism, and was too premature. If we do not get busy right away the Red International will be an anachronism whenever it comes.

Mr. Lonsdale, an Ulster politician, says that if Ireland gets Home rule the people of Ulster won't acknowledge it and won't pay taxes. But what about the Orangemen's loyalty to King George. How will he ever collect his screw if the Ulster Orangemen refuse to "part up?"

W. Sellime, painter, was struck on the head by a falling sheet of plate glass, while working on a Sydney building, and sustained concussion of the brain.

## The Passing of George Madgwick.

BY N. RANCIE.

GEORGE MADGWICK, secretary of the Adelaide branch of the S.F.A., was drowned while bathing on Easter Monday. Yes; he has gone the way of all mortals. The cold hand of Fate struck him while in the midst of enjoyment. In a few short minutes the noble heart ceased to beat. In a few sharp moments that smiling face was changed to a cold stark glare. But the hour of his Fate arrived, and the cold clammy hands of death smothered out his life. The thought strikes hard. It seems incredible. He will speak and move no more.

George Madgwick—the man who was a Socialist. The Socialist who was a man. His whole life was in the movement. His very heart and soul were saturated with the cause he loved. His brain and tongue and hands were unceasingly at work for Socialism. His money was given for the cause without thought of himself.

It has been my pleasure to know George Madgwick for many years. I have had the privilege to speak off the same box as him in Melbourne. I have had the same pleasure in Adelaide. For 18 months we were separated by many miles of sea and land. This month of April, during my sojourn in this Holy City, we met once more. There was a grip in his hand; there was a ring in his voice; there was a light in his eyes, that demonstrated that George Madgwick—this man and Socialist—loves you. Well, he is now gone. He cannot be resuscitated. May his life be an example to others. May others be benefitted by his work.

## Woman.

Agnes ago a woman bore a child; years fled by, the child became a man, and the man was master and the woman lived to serve.

Another woman, young, and light of heart, was met and loved by man, the master. And she took up the yoke and became his slave, though he called her wife.

She knew the pain and pangs of love, and another life was lit, and the master said, "I have a daughter." And the daughter served, as her mother served and his mother served.

Agnes passed and the earth was peopled, and always the woman served. Greed and avarice awoke and men were enslaved to one another, but never was man so enslaved but he, too, had a willing woman slave.

Women there were, whose beauty stirred the world, but they were the slaves of men and wielded their power but to enrich their masters. They were all slaves of custom, and the minds of men and thought as they were told to think.

Thus it has always been, but a new sun is rising, a new dawn is here. Woman, the slave, has been subjected to a new form of oppression, which decrees, "Thou, too, shall eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow."

Patience, for a time, she has endured this rule, but once the masters failed to think. They forgot that the power which enabled man to subject woman to his will was the law. "I earn the bread, therefore, I am the head."

The masters ruled that woman should earn her bread, and, having done so for a time, the shackles of superstition and custom fell from her limbs and she spoke, "I earn the bread, therefore I am equal." And she is right. She is the equal as well as the mother of man. Religion and custom have lost their power when subjected to the unfailing force of economics.

Economics determined the status of man and does now of woman.

Those who do the work of the world should rule, and those who have forced women into the industrial field must now prepare to comply with her demand for "Equal Rights and Equal Opportunity."

Woman, we honor and love thee! Within your fragile form lies the possibility of an enlightened race of men and women unmarked by the brand of greed. See that your step is firm and your purpose unflinching. Be true to the cause of yourself and the future race.

Forget not that where there is a will there is a way, and know that the way is clear.

Socialism offers both enslaved woman and man the opportunity to throw off the yoke of the profit system of to-day, and, woman mind and man mind working smoothly together, we may say to the oppressors of the earth, "There shall be no more slaves."—*Kansas City Socialist.*

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By Peter Kropotkin.

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Secretary: M. J. SAVAGE.

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LECTURES in Opera House every Sunday at 7.30.  
Lecturer: H. SCOTT BENNETT.

## S.F.A., Broken Hill Branch.

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LECTURES in Socialist Hall, Wakefield-street every Sunday evening.  
MEETINGS in Botanic Park every Sunday at 3.

Secretary: G. MADGWICK.

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Secretary: A. SHAWCROSS, Waratah-street, Lithgow.

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